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## The Cubor Jfacsimíle Texts

## (1)he $\mathbb{U r u t e}$ (1)ruge of

## Hirlyand, Rutke of Hark

> Date of earliest known edition (8vo) I 595 (Bodley.)

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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## Mirlyard, Autke of Mark

## I600

This facsimile is from a copy of the first quarto now in the British Museum. The original is a reprint of an 8 vo edition which appeared in 1595, the title page of which, from the Bodley copy, will be given in one of the "Fragments" volumes of this series (see also Introduction to "Whole Contention" facsimile, also of this Series).

The history of stage production, and of publication, as well as attributions of authorship, are full of problematical interest. I can here only refer the student to the numerous "Society" and "personal" critical essays on the subject.

This reproduction from the original is pronounced to be, considering the indifferent state of the quarto, "distinctly good. All pages have been mounted up in a frame of paper which, in some cases, obliterates the title, and also causes a considerable amount of ridges in paper."

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## THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE,


Enter Richarde Duke of Yorke, The Earle of Warwietesp teDuke of Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward Earle of March, Crookeback Richard, of the young Earle of Rutiand, with Drumme and Soulders, wit b white $\mathbb{R}$,ses in their battes.

Warxicke.

IWonder how the King efeapt our handes? Torke. Whillt we purfude the Horfemen of the North, He flily fole away, and left his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whofe warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait, Chargde our maine Battels front, and there with him Lord Stafford and Lord Cluford all abreft
Brake in, \& were by the bands of common Souldiers Raine.
Edw. Lord Staffordstather, Duke of Buckinghum,
Is either flaine, or wounted danderounly;
I cleft his Beuer with'a downe right blow:
Father that this is true, behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother, hecres the Earle of Watphires blood,
Whom Iincountred as the Battailes ioynd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, andiell them what I did.
York. What, is your grace deadmy. Li of Summeifor?
Terf. Such hope haue all the line of $I$ bn of $G$ aunt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to thape King Henrres he a I,
War. And fa do 1 victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I fee chee feated in that throne,
Which now the houfe of Lancaffer vfurpes,

## 1 ne 1 ragedie of Ricloard D.of

I vow by heauelis thefe eics fhall neucr clofe.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Poflefle ir Yorke:
For this isthine, and not king Henries heires.
Yorke Affit me then fwees $V$ Varbick', and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norff. Wecle all affilt thee, and he that flics fhall die.
York. Thanks gentle. Xerffolk: Staie by me my Lords:
and fouldiers tane you heere and lodge this night:
VVar And when the.king comes,offer him no violenre,
$V$ nlefle he ieeke to pur vs our by force.
Rech. Armde as we be, lets ftaie withinthis houfe?
$V$ Var. The bloudie pariemene fhall this be calde:
Vnleffe Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king,
And balhfull Henrie be depolde, whofe co wardife
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yor. Then leaueme not my Lords, for now I meane
To take poffefsion of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him beft;
'The proudelt bird that holds vp. Lancafter,
Dares furre a wing, it Warwicke Thake his bels.
Ihe plane Plantagenet : and roote him out who dares?
Refolue thee Recibard: Claime the Englifherowne.
Enter King Henrie the Juxt, with the Duke of Excefter, The Earlc of Northumberland, T he Earle of Weftmerland, and Cleffurd, the Earle of Cumberlund, with red Rofes in their bats. King, Looke Lordings where the fturdy rebel fits,
Euen in the chaire of ftate : belike he meanes
Backe by the power of Warlivicke that falle peere,
To afpire vno the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he fiew thy Father: And thine Cliford: and you both haue row'd reuenge,
On hin, his fomes, his faucrites, and his friends.
Toribu. And if I be nor, heauens be redengd on mie.
Clif. The hope theicof makes Clifford mourne in itecle. Weft. What? hall we fiffer this?lets pull hiin downe, Nly heart for auger bricakes I caunos ipeake.
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## Yorke, and He enric the fixt:

King. Be patient gentle Eatle of We est merlaisd. Clif. Patience is for pultrouns fuch as lie,
He durf not fit shere, had your facher liu'd?
My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement,
Let vs affaile the familic of Yorke.
North. Well haft thoufpoken couren, be it fo.
King. Oknow you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of fouldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is ीlaine, theile quickly flie.
-King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of Henries heart,
To make a fhambles of the parlement houfe.
Cofen of Execer,words, frownes, andthreats,
Shall be the wartes that Henriemeanes to vfe.
Thou factious duke of Yorke,defeend my throne,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yor. Thou art deceiu'd I I am thine.
Exer. For hame come downe, he made thee D, of Torke.
Tor. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdom is.
Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.
War. Exeler thou-art a traitour to the crowne,
In following this vfurping Hearic.
Cif. Whom thould he followe but his naturall King?
Var. True Clifand that is Richard duke of Yorke:
King. And hall I ftand while thou firft in my throne?
Yor. Content chy felfe, it mult, and thall be fo.
VVer. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
VVeft. Why?
And that the Earle of $V V$ Vefmer land fhall maintaine.
$V V a r$. And $V V$ aribucke fhall difproue it. You forget
That we are thofe that chalte you from the field,
And ficw your father, and with colours fpred
Marche through the Cittie to the pallace gates.
Nor. No VVarwicke 1 remember is to iny greife,
And by his foule, thou and thy houfe fhall rue it.
Wist. Phantagenet, of thee and of thy fonnes;
Thy kinfinen, and thy triends, lle haue more liucs, Thein drops of bloud were in my fathers yanes.

Cuf. Vrecit no more, leaft in reuenge thercof,

I fend thee Warwicke fuch a meffenger,
As diall reuenge his death beforel ftirre.
War. Poore Clfford how I fcorne thy worthleffe threass.
Tor. Will ge we fhewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our fwordes thall plead it in the field?
King. What title halt thou traitour to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer Earle of March.
I am the fonne of Henrie the fift, who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin ftoupe, and feazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of Fraunce fince thou haft loft it all. King. The Lord protectour loft it and not $I$,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,
Rich. You are old enough now \& yet me thinkes you lore,'
Father teare the Crowne from the Vfurpers head.
Edw. Do fofweet father, fer it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as shou !ou'it and honourf armes,
Lets fight it outand not ftand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets,\& che King will flie,
ror. Peace fonnes.
Nor. Peace thou, and giue King Henrie leaue to fpeake.
King. Ah Plantagenet, why feekeft thou to depofe me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally difcent?
Suppofe by right and equitic thou be King,
Thinkft thou that I will leaue my Kingly feate
Wherin my father and my grandfire fate?
No, firft hall warre onpeople this my realme;
I, and our colours often borne in Fraunce,
And now in England to our heartes great forrow
Shall be my winding fhecte: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.
War. Proue it Hewric, and thou fhalt be King.
King. Why, Hewrif the fourth by conqueft got the crowne-
ror. Twas by rebellion gainft his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what so fay, my title's weake.
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

## Yorke, and Herric the fixt.

War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull Kingefor Richard
The fecond, in the view ofmany Lords, Refignde the Crowne to Henerie the fourth, Whofe heire my father was,and I am his.
$Y_{\text {or }}$ I tell thee he rofe againft him, being his Soneraigue; And made him to refigne the Crowne perforce, UVar. Suppofe my Lord he did it vnconftrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not fo refigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire mult fucceed and raigne.
King. Art thou againft vs, Duke of Exeter?
$E_{x s t}$. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and curne to him.
Nor. Plantagener, for all the claime thou layef,
Thinke not king Henrie Chall be thus depofde. VVer. Depofde he fhall be in defpight of thee; 2 Wor. Tuch Warwicke, thou art decciued? tis not thy Southerne powe rs of $\varepsilon$ \&ex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of Kent,
That makes thee thus prefumptuous and proud,
Can fet the Duke vp in defpight of me.
Clif King Herrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clfford vowes to fight in thy defence. May that gronad gape and fwallow me aliue, Where I do kneele to him that flew my father,

King. O Clifford, how thy words reviue my foule.
Yor. Hemrie of Larcafter refigne thy crowne.
What mutter you, or what confpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houfe with armed men,
Enter Souldicrs.
A nd ouer the Chaire of fate where now he fits,
Write vp his title with thy vfurping bloud.
King. O Warwicke, heare me fpeake,
Let me but raigne in quiet whillt I liue.
ror. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires,
And thou fhale raigne in quiet whilft thou liu't:
King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.
$A_{4}$
War.

## The Tragedic of Richard D. of :

$\mathcal{U V}_{\text {sr }}$. Captaine, conduct them into Tutbill fieldse
Clf. What wrong is this vnro the Prince your Sonne?
UUar. What good is this for England and himfeffe?
2 Narthum. Baie, fearefull, and delpairing Henry.
Clif. How haff thou wronged both thy ielfeand vs?
VUeft. I cannor fay to heare thele Articles. Exito
Cid. Nor I: Come, cofen lets go tell the Qiueene.
Toribum. Be thou a praic vneo the houfe of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed.
Exit
Clff. In dreadfull warre maiff thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and defpirds. Exity
Exet. They fecke reusige, 8 stherfore.will not yeeld my $L$ King. Ah Exccter?
VYar. Why Dhould you figh my Lord?
King. Not for my Selfe LordVVarwicke, but my Sonne,
Whom I vniáturally fhall disinherite.
Butbe it as it may : I hecre intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, condtionally,
That heere thou take thine oath,to ceare thefe ciuill broilese.
And whilft lliue,to honour me as thy King \& Soueraigne.
Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe. VUar.Long liue King Henry: Plantagenes embrace hima Kitig. And long liue thou and all thy forward fonnes. Yor.Now Yorke and Lartcafter ace reconcilde.
Exet,Accurt be he that feekes to make them foes, Sound Trumpets.
Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue,for ile to Wakeffeld
Tomy caltell.
Exst Yorke, and his fonncs.
War, Aud Ile keepe London with my Souldiers. - Exit.
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. - Exito
Mont. And I to fea from whence I came. Exit.
Enter the Queene and the Trince.
Exét. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, lle fteale away.
King. And fo will I.
Queene. Nay flaic, or elfe I follow thee.
King, Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile faic.
Qxeene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man; Thou halt vidoone thy felfe, thy fonne,and me.

## Yorkejand Hentio the fixt.

And giuen ouer rightes vnto the houfe of Yorke. Art thou, King, and wilt be forlt to yeelde? Had í been there, the Souldiers Thould hauc toft Mc on their Launces poyntes, before I would haue Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made Protector of the Land: Sterne Faulconbridge Commaundes the narrew Seas. And think $f$ thou then To fleepe fecure? 1 heere dinorce mee Henry From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement Be recalde, whercin thou yeeldeft to the houfe of Yorke.
The Northen Lordes that haue forfworne thy colours, Will follow mine, if once they fee them fpred,
And fpread they thall, voto thy deepe difgrace. Come Sonne, lets away, and leaue them heere alone.

King. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me feeake. $Q_{\text {uech. Thou haft f poke too much already, therfore be ftill. }}^{\text {. }}$
King. Gentle fonne Edivard, wilt thou ftay with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. Exit.
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielder
Ile fee your Grace : till then, Ile follow her. Exit.
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, \& to the Prince her
Makes her in furie thus forget her felfe.
Reuenged may the be on that accurfed Duke.
Come cofen of Exeter, ftay thou hecre, For Clifford and thofe Northen Lordes be gone I feare towardes Wakefielde, to difturbe the Duke.

Enter Edivard, and Richard, and Montagus.
Edw. Brother, and cofen $M$-ntague, give me leaue to Speake. Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator. Nont. But I have reafons itrong and forceaible.

## Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Tor. How now fonnes? what at a iarre among!t your Celies? - Rich. No father, buta fivecte contention, about chat which soncernes your felfe and vs; The Crowne of England father. rork. The Crowne boy? Why Henries yet aliue, And I haue fworne that he fhal raigne in quiet till his death. B. $\varepsilon d w$.

## The T ragedic of Richard D. of

Eaw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one Rıch. And if it pléafe your grace to giue me leaue, (yeare, Ile inew your grace the way to faue your oath. And difpoffenle king Henry from the Crowne. Yor. 1 prethee Dick ler me heare thy deuife.
Rich. Thenthus my Lord. An oach is of no moment Being not fworne betore a lawfull Magiftrate: Henrre is none, but doth vfurpe your right, And yet your graceftands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father refolue your felfe,
And once more claime dre Crowne,
Yor. I, faieft thou lo boy? why then it Thall be fo,
I am refolucd to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou fhait to Edmond Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentijhmen will willingly rife:
'Thou cofen Montague, halt to $\mathcal{N}$ ©ryoike ftraight, And bid the Duke to mufter $u p$ his fouldiers; And come to me to Wakeficld prefently. And Richard, thou to London Itraight halt poaft, And bid Resisard Neusil Earle of Warlivicke To leaue the Citte ; and with his men of war, Tomest me at faime Albons, ten daies hence, My felfe heere in Sandall catlle will prouide Both men and money to furder our attempts. Now what newes?

Exter a Meffenger. Mef.My Lordsthe Queene with dirtie thowfand men, Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland, Norihumberland, and Wefmerland, and others of the Houfe of Laxicafter are marching towards Wakefield; Tobchiedge you in your Cafte heere.

Enter Sir fohn and Sir Hugh Mcrtimer,
Yorke. A Gods nanse ler chem come, Coufen CMontague poalt you henceई and boies; flay you with me.

Sir Iobn and Sir Fugh eMortimers mine vncles, Y'are welcome to Sindall in ials happy houre,
The armie of the Gucene means to befiedge.vs.

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

Sir Iobn. She fhal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the ror. What with fiue thoufand fouldiers vncle? (field.
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for anoed,
A woman's generall, what hould you feare?
Yor.Indeed many braue battailes haue I won
In Normandy, when as the enemic
Hath bin ten to one: and why fhould I now doubt
Of the like fuccefferi am refolu'd: Come lets go.
Eaiv. Lets martch away, I heare their drums.

Exemis

> A Alarmes, and thens enter bbe yourg Earie of Rutlard, and bis $7^{\circ}$ utor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Cattle, And flie to Wakefield Itraight.

> Enter Clufford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody Clifford comes.
Cif. Chaplin awaic, thy priefthood faues thy life, As for the brat of that accurfed Duke
Whofe facher flew my father, he hall die.
Tutor. Oh Clufford fpare thistender Lord, leaf heauen
Reuenge it on thy head: Oh faue his life.
Ciif.Souldiers awaic, and dag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. $\varepsilon_{x}$ vit the Chaplin.
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him clofe his cies?lle open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And fo he walkes infulting ouer his praie.
And fo he turnés againe to rend his limbes in funder:
Oh Cifford, kill me with hy fword, and
Not with fuch a cruell threatning looke.
I am to meane a fubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reueng don men and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou fpeakeft poore boy: my fathers blood,
Hath itopt the palfage where thy words hould enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,
He is a man;and Claford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge fufficient for me.
B2.

## The Tragedie of Richard D.of

Or fhould I dig vp thy forefathers graues, And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines, It could not flake mine ire, nor cafe my heart.
The fight of any of the houfe of Yorke,
Isas a fiurie to torment my foule.
Therfore cill I roote out that curfed line,
And leaue not one on earth, lle liue in hell therfore.
Rut. Olet me pray, before I take my death;
To thee I praie, fweet Cufford pittie me.
Clij. 1 fuģh pittie as my rapiers point affoardes.
Rut. I neuer did thee hart, wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou haft one fonne,for his fake pittie me,
Leaft in renenge thereof, fith God is iuft,
He be as miferablie flaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prifon allmy diess,
And when I giue occafion of offence,
Then ler me die, for now thou hatt nc calle.
Clif. No caufe? Thy Facher flew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come Plantagénet,
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruft vpon iny weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his,do makeme wipe off boch: $\cdots \varepsilon_{\text {xito }}$
Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke folus
Yor. Ah Yorke,poaft to thy Cafte, faue thy life,
The goale is loft; thou houfe of Laícäßer,
Thrice happic chaunce it is for thee and thine, That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls me hence
Bur God knowes what chaunce hath betide iny fonnes:
But his 1 know, they have demeand themfelucs,
Likémen borne to reno wne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my fight,
And cricd, courrage Father: Yitoric, or death.
And twice fo off came $\varepsilon$ divard to my vie w:
With purple Failchen painted to the hilts,
In blood of chofe whom he hadiliaughtered.

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

O harke, I heare che Drummes: No way to flic?
Noe way to faue my life? And heere Iftay:
And here my life muft end.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Nortbumberland, I dare your guenchleffe furie to more bloud:
This is the Bur, and this abicies your fhot. North. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet. Clif. I to fuch wercie as his ruthfull arme With downe right payment, lent votomy father, Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre, And made an euening at the nooneride pricke. Yor. My afhes like the Pronix, may bring foorth A bird that will reuenge is on you all, And in hat hope I calt mine eies to heauen, Scorning what ere you can afflitt me with: Why fay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare? Ciff. So co wards fight when they can flic no longer:
So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierfing tallents:
Só defperate 也hieues all hopeleffe of cheir liues, Breath out inuectiues gaintt the officers. Torke. Oh Chfford, yer bethinke dice once againe, And in thy minde orerun my former tim:: And bite thy tongue that flaundreft him with cowardife, Whofe verie looke hath made thee quake cre chis.
Clff. I will not bandic with thee word for word,
But buckle with thec blowes twife two for one•
Qucene. Holde valieur Clifford,for a choulandicaufes,
I would prolong the traitours Iffe a while.
Wradı makes him deafe, fpeake thou N Tor thumber Layd. Nor. Hoid Chfford, do not honour him to much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heatt
What valcur were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruft his hand betwerichis teeth,
When he might fpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prife to take all aduantages,

## The Tragedic of Richard D. of

Aod ten to one, is no impeach in Warr es.
Fight, and take him.
Clif. I, I, fo ltriues the Woodcocks with the gin.
Norrb. So doh the Cunnie fltruggle with the net.
York. So triumphes Thecues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.
North, What will your grace haue doine with him?
Queen. Braue warriours, Clifford and Noerthumberhayd.
Come make him ftand vpon this Mouletiill heré,
That aymde as Mountaines with outltretched arme.
And parted but the fhaddow widh his hand-
Was it you that reuclde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high defcent?
Where are your meffe of Sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luttie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookebackt prodegie?
Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,
W:as wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?
Or amongft the reft, where is your darling Rytland?
Looke Yorke; I dipt this Napkin in the blood
That valiant Cliffiord with his R apier poynt,
Made iflue from the boolome of shy Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
1 giuc thee this, $n$ dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore Yorke, But that I hate thee much,
1 hould lament thy miferable fate:
I.prethee grieue,to make me merry, Yorke:

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and daunce.
What hath thy fieric hart fo partchit thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldf be feede I fee to make me fport.
Yorke cannot fpeake, vnleffe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him?
So: hold you his hànds while.I do.fo it on.
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King Herries Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heire.
Buthow is it that great Plantagerent,

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

Is crownd fo foone, and broke his holy oath? AsI bethinke me, you fhould norbe King,
Till our Hexric had hooke hands with death. And will you inp pale your head with Henries glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, againlt your holy oath?
Oh,tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whillt we breath, take cime to doe him dead.
Clf. Thats my office,for my fathers death.
Queen. Yee flay, and lets heare the Orifons he makes.
York. She wolfe of Frauc, but worfe than wolues of France,
Whofe rongue more poyfon'd than the Adders tooth:
How illbelecming is it in thy fexe.
To triumph like an Amazoniantrull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging,
Madeimpudemt by vfe of euill deedes:
I would a fiay, proud Queene to make thee blufh:
To tell chec of whence chou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere fhame enough to fhame thee, wert thou not hamkes,
Thy father beares the tipe of King of $\mathcal{N}$ aples,
Ofboth the Sysites and lerufilem,
Yet not fo wealthic as an Englifh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult?
It ncedes not, or it bootes thee not proude Queene,
Vnleffe the Adage muft be vercfide,
That Beggers mounted, runne their horfe to death.
Tis beaucue, that of makes women proud,
But God he wots, thy fhareclereof is fmall.
Tis gouernenicnt, that makes them molt admirde,
The consrarie doth make thee wondied at,
Tis vertue makes them fecmetyaince
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppofite to eucry good,
As the Antipodes are vito vs:
Or as the South to the Septentrion:
Oh Tygers hart,wrapt ina womans hide!

## The Tragedic of Richard D. of

How couldt thou draine thelife bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be feene to beare a womans face?
Womenare milde;pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, fterne, rough, remorceleffe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hatt thy, will;
Would't haue ine weepe? why fo thou hatt thy winh,
For rageing windes blowes vp a forme of teares, And when the rage alayes, the raine begins, Thefe teares are my fweete Rutlands oblequies; And euery drop, begges vengeance as it falles,
On thee fell Cifford, and the falfe French woman. North. Befhrew me, but his pasfions mooue me fo,
As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue touch, would not haue ftaind with blood:
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more chen Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthleffe Queene a hapleffe fachers teares,
This cloth thou dipts in bloud ofmy-fweete Boy,
And loe, widh teares I walh the bloud away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaft of that:
And if thou tell the heauie forie well,
Vpon my foule, he hearers will head teares,
I , eucn my foes will fhed faft falling teares,
And fay; Alas, it was a pirteous deed.
Here, take the Crownc; and with the Crowne my curfe;
And in dy need, fuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clufford, take me from the worlde, My foule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he big,flughterman to all my kiin,
I could not chufe but weepe with bim to fee,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee.What weepingripe,my Lord Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares. Clf. Thears for mine oath ${ }_{2}$ thears for $m y$ fathers death.

## Yerke, and Henrie the fixt.

Que. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My foule flies foorth to meet with ther.
Quee. Off with his head and fet it on Yorke Gates; So Yorke may oueslooke the fowne of Yorke. Exeunt omnese

## Enter Edward and Richard,with drum and Souildiers.

Ediv. After this dangerous fight and hapleffe warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vatill I be refolu'd,
Where our right valient father is become.
How often did I fee him beare himfelfe,
As doth a Lion midft a hearde of neate,
Sofled his Enemics our valient father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.
Thre Sumes appeare in the aire.
Edix. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes herfarewell ofthe glorious Sunne,
Dafell mine cies? or do I fee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, not feperated by a racking But (cuered in a pale cleere fhining skie. See, fee, they ioyne, embrace, and feeme to kiffe, As ifthey vowde fome league inuiolate: Now are they but one lampe, one light, one Sunne, In this the heauens doth figure fome euent.

Ediw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the Sonnes ofbrave Plantagenet, Alreadie each one fhining by his meed Mayioyne in one and ouerpeere the world, As this the earch, and therefore hence forward, lle beare vpon my Target, three faire Chining Sumes. But whit art thou thar lookelt fo heauilie?

Mef. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was flaine.
Edw. Oh fpeake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all. SMe.When as the noble Duke.was put to flight,

## The T ragedze of Rucpara ע.of

And then purrude by Clifford and de Queenes:
And many Touldiers moc, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forft the Duke to yegld:
And then they fer him on a moulliill there, And crownde the gratious.Duk thitigh difpighter
Who dhen with teares began to waile his fall.
The'rudhlefic $Q$ uene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a havdkercher to wipe his cyes,
Dipt in the bloud of fyeete young $R$ Rutland
By rough Clifford llaine; who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his breft they urult deir.blouddie fwords
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchersfecte.
Then on the gates of Trorke, they fer his head,
And there it doth remaine, the piteous fectacle
That ere mine cies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke offorke,our proppe toleane vpon,
Now thou are golie, there is no hope tor vs:
Now my foules pallace is become a prifon,
Ohwould hie breake froin comparfe of my brealt,
For neucr fhall haue morc ioy.
Rich, I caunot weepe, for all my breafts moifture
Sfatc ferpes to quench my furnace burning heath,
I cannot ioy till this white rofe be dide,
Euen in the hearre blout of the houfe of Lancaffer.
Richard,I beare thy name, and Ile reaenge thy dead,
Or dic my féfe in fecking of reucinge.
Edv. His name, that valient Duke hath left with chee,
His chaireand Dukedome, that remaines for me.
Recb: Nay, if thou be thac princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy difent by gazeing gainft the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedone; Throne, and kingdome faie:
For cither that is thine, or elfe thou wert not his.

> Entertbe Earle of Warnicke, Mantague, wiit drums anncients,and Souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes aRich. Ah gentle $V$ V mwick, hould we but reporte,

The balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance,
Stab poniardes in our flefh, cill all were tould:
The words would adde more anguifh then the woundes. Ah valient ord, the Duke offorke is flaine.

Edw. At'VV irwicke,VVarwicke, that 'Plantagenet, Which held thee deare : euen as his foules redemption, Is by the fterne Lord Cufford doneto death. VVar. Ten daies agoe, I drownd diofe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meafure to your woes,
I come to tell you things-fince then befalne.
After the blouddie fraie at Wakefield fought;':
Where your braue father breath'd his lateft gafpe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the poalt could run,
Was brought me of your loffe, aud his departure. I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muftred my fouldiers, g athered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to faint $\mathcal{A l b o n s}$ t'entercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in mg behalfe along, For by my fcoutes I was aduertifed,
That fhe was comming, with a full intent
Todafh your late decree in parliament,
Touching King Hesries heires, and your fuccefsion.
Shorttale to make, we at Saint Alibons met,
Our battailes ioynde, and both fides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldneffic of the King,
Who lookt full gentic on his warlike Quecue,
That robde my fouldiers of their heated ipleenc:
Or whicther twas report of his fuccefle,
Or more then common feare of Clffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Capraines bloud and death,
I cannot tell: But to conclude with trud,
Their weaponslike to lightnings went and came:
Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight,
Or like an idle threfher with 2 flaile,
Fell gently downe as if they fmote their friends,
$I$ cheerd them yp with iuflice of the caufe,
With promife of high paie and great rewardes:

## The T ragedie of Richard D.of

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor.we in them no hope to win the day, So chat we fed. The King vnto the Queene, Lord George your brocher, Noiff olle eand my ielfe, In haft,polt haft,are come to ioyne wid you;
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Makıng an ocher head, to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle Warwickes
How farre hence is the Duke widi his power? A nd when came George from Burgundie to England? War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was latcly fent
From your Kind Aunt, Dutches of Burgundie,
With aide of fouldiers gainft this seedfull warre.
Ruch. Twas ods belike when valient Wampicke fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praifes in purfute,
But nere tiil now, thy fcandall ofretire.
War. Nor now, miy feandall Richard, doft thou heare?
For dou halt knowe that this tight hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint Hemries head,
And wring the awfull icepter from his fift:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildncile, peace, and praier,
Ruch I know it well Lord Warkicke, blame me not,
T was loue I bare thy glories, made me fpeakec.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of fecle?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our eAucmaries with our beades?
Or hall we on the heimets of our foes;
Tell our dcuotion, widh reueng futl armes? If for the laft,faie 1 , and to it Lords.

War, Why thesfore Warriche came to find you our,
And therfore comes my brother Montague.

- Attend me Lords, He proud infultiug Qiveene,

With Clifford and the haught Norrbumberland,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,

- Haue wroughr the cafie melcing King like waxe.


## rorke, and Henrie the fixt.

He fware confent to your fuccefsion,
His oath inrolled inshe Parliàment.
But now to London all the crew are gone ${ }_{F}$
To frufterate his oath,ot what befides
May make againlt the houre of Lancaster.
Their power I gefle them fiftie thouland ftrong.
Now it the helpe of $\mathcal{N}$ orfolke, and my felfe,
Can but amoune to $4^{8}$.thoufand,
With ah the friends that thoubraue Earle of March,
Among the louing Weltchmen canft procure,
Why vas, To London will we march amaine,
And once aganne beltride our foaming flcedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe,
But neuer once againe turne back and fie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes 1 heare great $W$ arwicke fpeake:
Nere may he liuc ro fec a funfhine day,
That cries retire, when Warwicke bids him Ray.
Edw. Lord Warricke, on thy thoulder will I leane,
And when thou faint'ft, mult $\varepsilon$ darard tall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
VVar. No longer Earle of March, but Duke ofYorke,
Thenext degree is Englands royall King:
And King ot England ihalt thou be proclainde,
In euerie Burrough as we paffe along: And he that cafts not vp his cappe for ioy, Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head. King $\mathcal{E d w a r d , v a l i e n t ~ R i c h a r d , ~ M o n t a g u s , ~}$ Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne, But forward to effect thele refolutions.

## Entcr a Mcßengér.

Mef.The Duke of TVerfolke fends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiflant power,
And craues your company for ipeedy councell.
VVar. Why then it forts braue Lords, Lets march away:-

## The T rageilie of Rictard D'oofor

Enter the King aind Queene, Prince Edward, and the Nortbren Earles wouth Drumme and Souldiers.
Oneen. Welcome my Lordsto this braue towne of Vorke, Yonder's the head of that anibicious cinemie
That fought to be impaled with your Crowne
Doth not the obice pleafe your cie my Lordz
King. Euen as the rocks pleafe them that feare their wracker:
Withhold reucrige deare God,tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue Iinfringde my vow.
Clf. My gratious Lord, this too inuch lenitis,
And harneefull pittic muft be laide afide,
To whom do Lyons calt their gente lookes?
Nor to the beaf that would vurpe his den.
Whofe hand is that the fauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that fpoyles his young, beforehis face fin

Nothe that fets his foote upon her backe.
The fimaile? Woorme will turnc,being troden ons:
And Doues will pecke, in refcue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at dhy Crowne,
Thou fing ling, whil he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke,would haue his foninea King,
And raife hisiflue lake a louing firc.
Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonic,
Didft giue confent to disinherite him:
Which argude the a molt vnnaturallifather.
Vnrcalonable creatures feed their younge:
And though mans face be fearefull to their cyes, hitom hat
Yet iu protedtion of their tender ones,
Who hath not fecne them epen with thofe fame wings
Which they haue fometime vide in fearefull fighit,
Make warre with him, that climes vito theifneft,
Offring their owne liucs, in their younges defence?
For hame my Lord,make them your prefident:
Werc it not pittic that this goodly Boy,
Sheuld jofs his birdh-right through his fathers fault? And long hersafter fay ynto hį childe,

## Yorkenand Henrie the fixt.

What my great Grandfacher and Grandfire got
My carcicille farher, fondly gaue awayz
Looke on the Boy, and iet his manly face,
Which promireth jucceefiefull fortune to vs ail,
Stecle thy meizing thoughts,
To keepe thine ownic, and leaue thine owne with him. King. Full well hath Clifford playde the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mightie force.
But tell me, didit thou neuer yet heare tell,
That thinges euill got, had euer bad dicefefife;
And happie sucr was if for thatfonne,
Whote tather for his hoording, went to hell?
I ieaue my fonne my vertuous deedes behind, And would my father had ieft me nomore; For all che relt is helde at fuch a rate,
As askes a thouland times more care ro keepe,
Then may the prefent profite countcruaile.
Ah cofen Yorke,would thy beft triendes did know,
How it dorh grieuc me, that thy head flandes there. Quee. Miy Lord, his harmeful pittic makes your followers
You promild kaighthod ro your princely fonne, (fialuta
Vinheath your iword, ind Itraight do bub him Knighis.
Kneele downe Earard.
King. Eavard Plaxtagenet,', arife a Knight,
And learne this leflon Boy, Draw thy fword in xight. Princ. My gratious facher, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
Andin thac quarrell $v$ ve it to the death.
North. Why that is fookenlike a toward Prince:: Enter a Mefenger.
PItc. Royall Commaunders, be in readineffe,
For with a band offiftie thoufand men,
Connes Warwacke backing of the Duke of rorke;
And in the Townes whercas they paffealong,
Proclaymss himKing, and many fies to him:
Prepate your Batcailes, for they be at hand.
Clf. I would your Highnefle would depart the field,
The Quicenc hathbellucceffe when you are abent,

## T.he Tragedie of Richard D. of

Ousen. Do good my Lord,and leaue vs to our fortunes. King. Why thats iny fortune, therefore Ilo flay filll. Clifford. Be it with refolution then to fight. Prince. Good father checre thefe noble Lordes, Vnfheath your fword, fweete father cry Saint George. Clif. Pitch we our Battell here,for hence we wil not moús
Enter the boufe of Yorke.Edw. Now periurd Henry, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,And kuecle for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?
Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud infulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soucraigne?
Ediw. $\lfloor\mathrm{am}$ his King, and he fhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by bis confent:Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caufde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne fonne in.
Clif. And redifn George. Who fhould fucceed the father, but the fonne?
Rich. Are you their butcher? ..... (fort.
Cif. I Crookback, here Iftand to anfwere thee, or any of yousRucb. Twas you thar kild young Rutland, was it not?Clif. Yes, and olde Yorke too, and yet not fatisfide.Rich. For Gods fake Lordes, giue fynald to the fightVVar. What fayt thou Henry? wilt thou yeeld thy ctowne?Queen. What,long tongde War, dare you feake?
When ycu and I met at Saint Albones laft,
Your legges did beter feruice then your handes.
VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, butnow tis chine.
Clif. You fayd fo much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your vallour Clifford, that droue me thence.Northum . No, nor your manhood Warwick, hat could makeyou flay.
Rich. Norrbumberland, Norrbumberland, we holde thee reuerently. Bréake off che parlie, for fcarfe I can refraine the

## Yorke, and Henria the fixt.

execution of my big fwolne heart, againft that Cliffird there; that cruell child-killer.
Clif.Why, Ikildthy Father, callt thou him a childe? Rich. I like à villaine, and a trecherous coward,
Asthou didt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sume fer lle make thee curffe the deed. (1peake, King. Haice done with wordes great Lords; and heare me Que en. Defie them then, or els hold clofe thy lips. Kmg . I prethee giue no limits tomy tongue,
Iam a King and preuiledgde to fpeake. Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with wordes; therefore be ftill. Rich: Then Executioner vnitheath thy fword,
By him that made vs all I am refolu'de,
That Cliffirds manhood haings vpon his tonguc. Edib. What faift thou Henrie? ihall I haue my right or no?
A thoufand men haue broke their falt ro day,
That nere fhall dine, vnleffe thou yeeld the crowne. War. If hou denie, their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iuftice puts his armour on. Prin. If all beright that Wirwus ko faies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things mult be right. 'Rich. Whofoeucr gor thee, there thy mother tiands,
For well I wot, thou halt thy Mothers tongue. Quce, But thou art neither like thy fire nor dan?,
Eut like a foule mifhapen Siygmaticke,
Matke by the dertinies, to be anoided
As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes. Rich. Tron of Naples, hid with Englith gilt,
Thy Father beares the citle of King,
As if a channell hould be calde the Sea;
Sham'ft not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de, To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires? Ediv. A wifpe offrawe were wortha thoufand crownes ${ }_{3}$
To make that thaneleffe Caller know her ielfe,
Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of Friaurce, And tamde the French, and made the Dolpbin ftoope: And had he matcht according to his flate,

## The T ragedic of Richard D. of

He might hate kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed, And grac'd rhy poore fire with his bridall day:
Thenthat fun-fhine bred a fhowre for him, Which wafhr his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce, Andheapt feditions on his crowne at home. For what hath mou'd thefe cumulcs but thy pride?
$\mathrm{H}_{2} \mathrm{~d} f \mathrm{t}$ thou bin meeke, our title yet had תlept,
And we in pittic of the gentle Kıng,
Had flpt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we faw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the harueft brought vs no encreafe,
We fet the axe to thy vfurping roote:
And though the edge haue fomething hit our felues,
Yet know thou,we will neuer ceafe to ftrike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edtw. And in this refolution I defie thec,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou denieft the gente King to fpeake.
Sound trumpets,let our blouddie collours waue,
And either victorre, or elfe a grauc.
Qucene. Staie Edward,ftaic.
Ediw. Hence wrangling.woman, Ile no longer Raie,
Thy words will cofl ten thoufand liues to cay.

> Exeunt Onnes.
> Entor Varwicke.

Alarmes.
VVar. Sore fent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a lite while to breath,
For fliokes recciu'd,and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my ftong knit finewes of their frength,
And force per force needes mult I yeeld my felfe.
Enter Edward.
Edw. Smile geutle heauens, or frike vngende death,
That we may die, vnleffe we gaine the daic.
What fatall thare malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmleffe livie of $X_{\text {rres }}$ true houfe?
Einter George.

## Torke, and Henrie the fixt.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daiet
Thenlet vs backe to cheere our fainting croopes,
Left they retire now we have left the field.
War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good? Enter Rechardruxning.
Richo. Ah VV rrwicke, why haft thou withdrawne thy f:lfe;
Thy nobie father in thathick efl throngs,
Cride fill for Wanwicke his thrice valient fonne,
Vntill with thoufand fwords he was befet, And manie wouudes made in his aged breft: And ashe totering fate vpon his feede,
He waft his hand to me and cried aloud:
Richard, commend mée to my valient fonne.
And ftill he cried, Warwecke reuenge my death,
And with thofe words he tumbled of his horre,
And fo the noble Salsburic gaue vp the Ghoft.
War. Then let the earth be druaken with his b!oud,
Ile kill my horfe becaufe I will not flic:
And heere on God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paffe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
$\varepsilon d w$. Lord Warwicke, 1 doc bende my knees with thine,
And in that vow, now ioyne my foute to thee,
Thou fetter $v p$ and puller downe of Kinges,
Vouchfafe á gentle victorie to vs,
Or let us die before we loofe the day.
Georg. Then let vs hafte to cheare the Souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will ftand to vs,
And highly gromife to remunerate
Their truftie feruice, in thefe dangerous warres.
Rich. Come,come away, and ftand not to debate,
For yet is hope offortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaues, vatill we mecte againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To fee thefe diremifhaps continue fo. Warwicke farewell.
The Tragedic of Richard D. ofVVar. A way, away, once more fweet Lords farewell.Exeurt Omines.Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore,and Clifford at an other.
Rich. A Clifford a Cifford.
Clif.A Richard a Richaid.Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young Rutlands death,
This thirfice fword that longs to drinke hy bloud,
Shall loppe chy limbes, and flice thy curfed heart;
For to reuenge the murtiers thou halt made.
Clir. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that llabd thy facher Yorke; $^{2}$
And this the hand that fow thy brother Rusland:
And hecr's the heart that triumphs in their deaths, And cheeres thefe hands that llew thy fire and brother ${ }_{2}$
To execute the like vpon thy felfe,
And fo hauc at thee.
Aturmes, they figbt, and then cuters. Warwicke and vefiues
Rucbard, arid tben Exeunt umnes. Alarmts Still, and then enter Henrre folus:
İen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And fet fome endes to thefe incetliant griefes,
How like a mafteffe fip vpon the Scas,
This wofulibattaile doth coutinue ftid!
Now lcaning this way, now to that fide driue,
And none dothknow to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might ftay thefe cruell iarres;
Would I had ncuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
CMirgrct and Clifford, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beft fucceffe when I was thence:
Would Cod that I were dead, fo all were well, Or would my crowne fuffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.
Enter a Souldier ait b a dead man in his armes.
Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits nobodie,
This man that I haue flaine in fight to day
Maybe poffeffed of fome fore of Crownes,

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

And I will fearch to finde them ifI can;
But fay: me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I haue flaine in fight,
From London was I preft out by the King, My father he came on the part of Yorke:
And in this conflict I haue flaine my father,
Oh pardon God, Iknew not what I did,
And pardon father for 1 knew thee nor Enter an ctber Soulder with a dead man.
2. Soul. Lie there, thou that foughtf with me fo foutly. Nowlet me fee what ftore of gold thou haft, But ftay, me thinkes this is no famous face; Oh no, it is my Sonne that I have flaine in fight,
O monllrous times, begetting fuch cuents, How cruell, bloodic, and ironious, This deadly quarrell daily dout beget, Poorc boy diy tather gaue the life to late, And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too foone.

King. Woe aboue woe, gricfe more then common griefe Whilft Lions warre, and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The Redrofe and the Whight are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ftriuing houfes,
Wyther one Rofe, and let the other flourifh:
For if you friue, ten thoufand liues muft perifh.
x. Soul. How will my Mother for my fathers death,

Take on with me, and nere be fatisfide?
2. Soul. How will my wife for flaughter of her fonne,

Take on with me, and nere be fatisfide?
King. How will the people now mifdeeme their King?
Oh wouldiny death their mindes could fatisfic.
I. Soul. Was cuer fonne \{o rude, his-fathers blood to fpill?
2. Soul. Was euer tather fo vanaturall his fonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus grecud and vexed fthit?
I Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accurfed place;
For woe is me to fee my fathers facs.
Exit rith his father.
2. Soul. We beare thee hence, and lee ri, $\mathrm{D}_{3}$. For
The Tragedie of Richard D. of
For I haue murdred where I Ohould not kill.
Exit boithbio
K.How. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here fits 2 King, as woé begons as thee. A Alermes, and enter the Quecina:
Oueene. A way my Lord, to Bamucke prefently,
The day is lof, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.
Enter Prince Edward.
Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Fields
Take horfe fweete father, les vs fauc our felues
Enter Exeter.
Exet. Away my Lord, for venganice come along with hima Nay,itand not to expoltulate; make halte,
Or elfe come after, lle away before.

- K. Hen. Nay ftay good Execer, for Ile along with thee.
Enter Cliffordsyounded yoith an arrow in bis necke.
Clif. Heere burnes iny candle out,
That whillt it lafted, gaue king Henry light.
Ah Lancafter, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my foule.
My.loue and feare, glude many friendes to dhee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts. Impairing Hekry Areng丸iened milproud Torke,
The common people fwarme like fommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who fhines now but Henries enemie?
Oh Pbobus, hadft thon neuer giuen confent
That $P$ baeton hould checketihy fierie fteedes,
Thy burning carre had neucr fcorcht the earth. And Henry hadtt thou liu'd as Kings fhould doe, And as chy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vito the house of Torke,
I, and ten thouland in this wofull land,
Had lefino mourning Widdowes for cur deathes: And thou this day hadat kept thy Throne in peace. Jor whar doth cheri@ Weedes but gentle Aire?



## Yorke, and Henrie the jixt:

And what makés robbers bold, but lenecie? Booteleffe are plaintes, aud cureleffe are- my woundes: No way to flie,no frength to hold our flight: The foeis mercileffe,and will nos pittie me;
And at their handes I haue deferude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wonndes, And much effure of blood doth make me faint: Come Torke and Richard, Warwicke, and the reft, Iftabde your fathers, now come fplit my breff:

## Enter Edward, Richard, andWarwicke, and Souldiers.

Ead. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward coutf; And we are graft with wreathes of victoric: Some troupes purfue the bloodie minded Queene, That now towardes Barwicke doch pofte anaine, But thinke you that Clefford is fled away with them?

War. No,tis imposfible he fhould efcape: For chough before his face I rpeake the wordes, Your brother Richard marks him for the graue, And where fo ere he be, l warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then ajes.
$\varepsilon d w$. Harke, what foule is this that takes his heauic leaue?
Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.
$\varepsilon_{a w}$. See who it is, and now the bateailes ended,
Friend or foe, ler him be friendly vfed.
Rich. Reuerfe thar doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
Who kildour tender brother Rutlased,
And ftabd our princely Duke of Torke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the head,
Your fathers head which Cluford placed rhere,
In ftead of that, let his fupply the roomc.
Meafure for meafure mult be anfwerd.
$\varepsilon d w$. Bring foorth that fatall skritch-Owle to our houfe,
That nothing fung to vs but blood and death,
Now his yll boding tongue no more fhall !piake,
War. I thinke his vnderftanding is bereft.

## The Tragadico of Richid da afo:

Say Clfford, doltitiourknow who fpeakestorthee fer? ?:A.
Darke cloudiedeach orefhades his beames oflifej:
Andhe nor fees nor heares vs what wefayd
Rich. Oh would he did, and fo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicic in the time of death,
He might auoyde fuch bitter formes as he:
In his houre of deanh did giue vito ouir facher;
Geor. Richard, if thou thinkeft fo, vex him with eger wordso .
Rich. Cifford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.
Edib. Elifford, repent in bootleffe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuife excures for thy fault.
George. Whilft we deuife fell cortures for thy faule.
Rich. Thou pittiedft Toikejand I am fonne to Torke.
Edw. Thou pittiedit Rutland, and I will pittie thee. Gecrg. Where's captaine Margaret to fence you now?
War. They morke thee Clifford; fweare' as thou waft wone.
Rich. What int an oarli?Nay then, Nknow hee'sidead... is
Tis lard, when Cliffird canot foord his friend an oath.:
By this, I know hee's dead;and bymy foule,
Would this right hand buy but an hovers life,
That In all contempt might raile at him
Ide cut itceff, and with the iffuing-blood,
Stfle the villaine, whofe inftanched thirlt,
roke and young Rutland could not fatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head;
And reare it in the place your faticrs ftandes.
And now to Loncion with triumphant march;
Therc so be crowned Eng lands law full King:
From thence fhall warbicke crofle the Seas to Frainces.
And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene;
So fhale shou finew both thefe L andes togither:
And hauing Fraunce thy friend, thou needite not dread,
The fattered foe, chathopes to rife agamen atit
And though they cannot greatly fing to hurr;

- Yer boioke to haue them bufie, to cffendithiric eares.

Firft lle fee the coronation done,
And afterward Ilooroffe the feasto Fraknce,
To effect this matringejifit pleafemy Lord?:

Torke, and Henrie the fixt.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt,good Warnicke let it be: But firlt before we go, George kneele downe, (word, Wee here create thee Duge of Clarenct, and gitt thee with the Our younger brother Rubard, Duke of Gloceftrr. Waywicke as my felfe hall do and vndo, as him pleafeth bef.

Rich. Lee me be Duke of Chrence; Giorge of Glofter:
For Glofters Dukedome is tooominous.
War. Tulh, thats a childifh obleruation. 'Rehard be Duke of Glofter. Now to London, To fec thefe honors in poffesfion.

Enter tho Kcepers with bow and derrolwes.
Keeper. Come, lets take our Itandes ipon this hill, And by and by the Dedre will come this way: Busftay, here comes a man, lers liften him aivhitic. Enter King Henrie difguijd.
Hen. From Scothad am I folnceuen of pure loue, And thus difguide, to greet my natiue land. No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine, No bending knee will call thee Cefar now, No humble futers fues to thee for right: For how cant thou helpe them, and not thy felfe?

Keeper. I marry fir,here is a Decie, his chin is a Keepers iteo Sirra fland clofe; for as I thinke, this is the King, King Edwardhath depolde.
Hen. My Queene \& fonne, poore foulcs, are gone to Frithose, And(as I heare) the great commaunding Wirwicke, To intreate a marriage with the Lady Bena:
If this be truc, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but fpent in vaine:
For Lewis is a Prince foone wonne with wordes, And Warwicke is a fubtill Orator:
He laughes and fayes, his Edvard is inftalde.
She weepes, and fayes, her $F^{\prime}$ enrie is depoide:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for Edivarot;
She on his left fide, crauing ayde for Henrie.
${ }^{\text {r }}$ ' eeper. What art thouthat talkes of Kings and Queenes?
Hen. More then I fecme; for leile I Mould not be.

## The Tragedie of Richard D.of

A manat lealt,and more I cannot be, And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?

Keep. 1, but thou talke!t as if thou wert a King thy felfe. Hen. Why fo I am in minde, though not in thewe. Keep. And ifthou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
Hen. Ay crowne is in my heare, not on myhead.
My crowne is cald Content;a crowne that Kingos do feldme times enicy.

Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content, Your crowne sontent, and yon,mult be content To.go with vs vnto the officer : for as we thinke, You are our quondem King, K.Edtuard hath depofde: And therefore we charge you in Gods name \& the Kings, Togoalong with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kinges name be obaydes And be you Kinges: commaunde, and lle obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edvivard, Clarence, and Glocester, Montaghes Haftings, and the Ladie Gray.
K.E.d. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glecefter,

This Ladies husband heere, Sir Riciavd Gray, At the bateaile of Saint Albones did lofe his life, His landes then were feazed on by the Conqueror:' Her fute is now to repoflefic thofe lands, And fith in quarrell of the houle of oris, The noble gentleman an did lofe his life: Io honour we cannot denie her fure,

Glo.Your Highneffe fhall do well to graunt it then.
$K \cdot E d .1$, fo I will, but yet Ile make a paufe.
Glo.l, is the winde in that dore?
Clareace, Ifee the Ladic hath fomehing to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble fuse.

Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde.
K.Ed. Widdow, come fome other time to know our mind.

Lra May iz pleafe your Grace, I cannot̂brooke delayes,
I befeech your Highneffe to difpatch me now. (wit.
$K_{0} \varepsilon_{d}$. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to trie chis widdows C $k$. 1 , good leaue haue yous.

## Yorke, and Henric the fixt.

Gla. For you will haue leauc, ill youth take leaue; And leaue you to your crouch, K.Ed.Come hicher widdow:How many Children haft Ch.I Chinke he meaness to bega Cliild on her. (thou? $G 15$. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giuc her two, La.Three my gracious Lord.
$G l o$.You fhall haue fouere and you will be rulde by him.
K.Ed. Were it not pittie they fhould lofe their Fathers

La. Be pitififull then dread L.and granticthem. (lands?
K. $\varepsilon d .1$ Ile e cell thee how thefe lands are to be got

La.Sof fall y ou binde me to your highnecfe ferrice.
K.Ed. Whar feruice wilt thou do me, ifI I graurcit them?

La. Eucn what your Highneffe hall commaund.
$G b$. Nay then Widdow lis warrant you all your husben is If you grount todo what he commaundes.
(landes,
Fight clofe, or in good fayy you carch a clap.
Cla. Nay I fearicher not, vileffe fhe fall.
Gib. Mane gods-torbot man, for hecle take vantage then.
L2. Why flops my Lord? hall I not know my taske?
$K . E d$. An eafie askes st is but to loue a King.
$L a$. Thats 5 fone performd, becaufe lam a fubiect.
$K . E d$. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely gine thee.
La. I take my leauc, with many thoufand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, he feales it with a currefic.
K.Ed.Stay Widdow,ftay : What loue doft thou thinke

1 fue fomuch to get?
La. My humble feruice,fuch as Subiectes owes, and the lawes commaundes.
K.Ed. No by my rorth, I meanic no fuch loue,

But to tell the e the troth, I aime to lic wish hhee.
$L_{a}$. To scll you plaine my Lord, had rather lic in prifon, K.Ed.Why then thou canf not get thy husbands lands,
$L$.. Then mine honeftic fhall be my dower, For by thar loffe, will not purchafe chem.
K.EEd. Hercin thou wronoff thy children mightilie.

La. Hercin your Highneffe wzonges both hem and mes
But mightric Lord,this nuerricic inclination,
Agrees not with thefadnoffro of my fure,

## The T ragedie of Richard Diof

Pleafe it your Highnes to difmiffer me cither with 1 or nos
K. Eci. I, if thou lay I, oo my requelt:

No, it thou fay no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my fute is $2 t$ an end.
Glo. The widdow hkes him not, the bens the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the biunteit woer in Chriftendome.
$K, E d$. Her lookes are all repleate wíth Maieftie.
One way or other he is fer a King.;
And the thall be my loue, or elfe my Ouecne,
Saic, that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene?
La. Tis berter faid then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a fubieet fit to iealt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K.Ed. Sweer widdow, by my ftate I fweare,
l peake no more then what iny heart intendse
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
Iknow I am to bad to be your Quecre:
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K.Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Quene.

Lat:Your grace would be loch iny fonnes phould call you
Father.
K.Ed. No morethen when iny daughters cal thee mother

Thou arta widdow, and thou hall lome Children,
And (by Gods nother) I being but a Batcheler,
-Hauc other fome : why tis a happie thing,
To be the father ofmanie Children:
Argue no inore, for thou thale be iny Queene.
Glo. The gholtly father now hath done his shrife.
Cla. When he was made a hliuer twas for hiff.
K.Ed. Brothers you mule what talke the widdow and I hane had, you wold thinke it Itrange if I thould marrie her.

Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
$K E d$. Why Clarence, to my felfe.
Glo.Thas would be ten daies wonder at the leaft.
Cla. Why-shats a daie longer then a wonder lafts, Gie. And fo much more are the wonders in extreames.
. AE Ed. Well, ieaft on Brothers, l can tell you,

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

Herfute is graunted, for her hulbands lauds.

## Entcra entesenger.

Mef. Andat pleale your grace, Henrie your for is taken, And brought as pritoner to your pallace gates.
$K \mathscr{C d}$. A way with him, and tend hmiothe Tower:
And lets go qucition with the man about his apprehenfion. Lords along, and vie chis Ladiehonouraily. Exichit.

> conanet Gloster, and /peakes.

Clc. I, Edvarad will vie women honourably.
Would he were walted, marrow, bones and all, That from bis loynes no iflue mingtitucceed, To hander me trom the golden mine llooke for: For fam not yet lookt on in the world. Firlt is there Edvvard,Cliarence, and Henrie, And his fonne, and all they looke for iffue Of their loynes,cre I can plant my felfe: A colde premediation for my purpole, What other pleafure is there in the world befide? I will go clad my body in gay ornaments, And lull my felte within a Ladies lappe, And witch tweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes. Oh monftrous inan to harbour luch a thought, Why, loue did fcorne me in my mothers wombe: And for 1 Choula not deale in her affaires, She did corrupt fraile nature in the flefh, And plaft an enuious mountaine on my backe: Where fits deformitic, to mocke my bodic, Todry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe, To make my legges of an vnequall fize, And am I then a man to be belou'd? Eafier for me to compafle twentic crownes. Tur, I can finite, and murder when 1 fimile: I cry content to that, that greeues me inof. I can adde colours to the Camelion, And for a need, change in pes witt Protheits, And fet the afpying Catulun to fitool.

## The Tragedie of Richard D.of

Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne? Tufh,were it ten tines higher, lle pull it downe. $E_{x i t}$

## Enter King Levvis and the Lady Bona, and Oucene Margeret, Trinace Edvuard,sand Oxford, and otbers.

Levv. Welcome $Q$. Margaret to the Court of Fraunce,
It fiss not Leveis to fit while chou doft Itand,
Sit by my fide, and here I vow to thee, Thou halt tavee ayde to repoffefie thy right, And beate proud $\varepsilon$ dward from his vurped featc, And placeking Henry in his former rule.
Quen. I bumbly thanke your royall Maieftie,
And pray the God of heauen, to breffe thy ftate,
Great King of Eraunce, that thus regardes our wronges.
Enter Warviche.
Ler. How noiv, Who is this?
Queen, Our Earle of $V V_{\text {rar }}$ vicke, $\mathcal{E}$ dwards chiefeff friend.
Lein. Welcone brauc Warw ick, what brings chec to France?
War. From worthy $\varepsilon$ divara King of $\varepsilon_{n g}$ land,
My Lord and Scueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindncffe andvnfaigned loue,
Firfte do grcetinges to thy royall perfon,
And then to craue a leaguc of amitic:
And iallly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchfafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady Bona thy faire fifter,
To Eaglends $^{2}$ King in lawfull inarriage.
Onies. And ifthis goe forward, alliour hope is done.
Witr. And gracious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
Iam commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiffe your hand, and with my tongue.
To tell the pasfions of my Soueraignes hare:
Where fame late curring at his heedfull eares,
Fiati plaft chy glorious image and thy nertues;
Owzin. King Liskis and Lady Bona, heare me fpake,
Before you anfwere $V$ Varnaicke or his wordes,
For he itis hath done vs all thefe wronges.

## Torke, and Henrie the fort.

How dares he prefume to vie vsthus?
Queen. This prooucth Ecivards loue, \& Warlicicks honefly.
VVar. King Lawes, 1 here proteft in fight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliffe,
That lam cleare from this mifdeede of $E d w a r d s$.
No more my King, for he difhonours me,
And moft himelfe, if he could fee his thame.
Did I forger that by the houfe of Yorke,
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let paffe the abufe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrult king Henrie from his natiue home?
And molt vngratefull doh he vfe ine thus?
My gratious Queene, pardon what is palt,
And hencefoorth I am thy true feruitour:
I will reuenge the wrong; done to Lady Bont,
And replant Henrie in his former Itate.
Queen. Yes VVarwicke I do quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king Henries friend:
War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,
That if King Lewes vouch fafe to furnifh vs
With fome few bandes of choien Souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coaft,
And force the Tyrant from his feate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride fhall fuccour him.
Leiw. Then at the laft, I firmely am refoiu'd,
You fhall hauc ayde:
And Englifh Mefenger returne in poft, And tell falfe Edward, hy fuppofed King, That Lovves of Fraunce, is fending ouer Maskers,
To reuellit with him and his new Bride, Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower fhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his fake.
Queen. Tellhim, my mourning weedes be layde.afide;
And I am readic to put Armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore lle vncrownehim er't be long,
Ther's thy rewardj begone,

Lew．Bur now tell me Warwicke，what affurance
I Thall hauc of thy true loyaltic？
Wrat．I mis ihall aflure my con？tant loyalie，
Itchat our Queeneand this young Prince agree： liesoyne matac eldett Daughter and my ioy， To hainforthwitia holy wedlockes bands．
juce．With ail my heart，that match llike full well，
Loueher Sonne $\varepsilon$ d．tirr $x^{\prime}$ ，the is fare and young，
Ani glue thy hand to $V V$ anwicke for thy loue．
Lew．It is enough，and now we will prepare，
To leute Souldiers for to go with you．
And you Lord Burbon，our high Admirall， Shail watednem Iarche so the Englifh coalt， And chale proud Edurard from his flumbring traunce， Formocking marnage with the name of Fraunce．

ごこ．n 1 cancefrom Edmardas Embafladour，
Bu：I returne has fwoone and nortall foc：
Matcr of martige was the charge he gave me，
3．ut deesull warre thall anfware his demaunde．
－-2 he hoone elic ronake a fale but ne？
Thennase bit i，hatil tarne his icft tó forrow：
I was the chiete thar ralde him to the crowne， Aud tie be chice to brng ham downe againe， Lios what I pituc Hemats nimeric， ButSelic reuerge on Edvonds mockeric．Exit．

> Encr Kne Edrard, the Qutene,and Clarence, Giojscr，Moin rague，Hastings，and Tenlrooke，with fold：ers．
Ed．Drothers of Curence，ansi of Gilccester， What dinke you of our marriage with the Ladie Gray？

Cla．My Lord，we thinke as V Varricke and Lewis
That are fo flacke in iudgment，that theyle take no offence at this fuddaine marriage，

K．Ed．Suppole they do；they are but Leris，and Warlicke， And I am your Kingiand $\cup \cup$ ararckes，And will be obaied．

Glo．And Mall，becaufe you are our king，but yet fuch fud－． daine marriages feldome proueth well．

## Yorke; and Henric the fixf.

Ed. Yea brother Rechard, are you againft vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord: : 10 , God forfend that I hould
Once gainefay your highneffe pleafure:
1,\& twere a pittie to funder them that yoake fo wel togither.
Ed. Secting your fornes and your dinikes afide,
Shew me fome reatons why the Lady Gray
May not be my Louc,and Englands Qucene?
Speake freely Clarence,Glofter,
Montagne, and Hastinges.
Clis. My Lord, then this is my opinion,
That Warwicke ocing di honored in his embaffage,
Doth feeke rewenge,to quite his iniurics.
Gio. And Lewis, in regard of his fifters wronges,
Doch ioyne with Warwiche, to fupplane your ftate.
Ed.Suppofe that Lewis and $W$ arwock be appeafd,
By fuch meanes as I can belt deuife?
Mont. But yet to haue ioyned with Fraunce in this
Alliance,would more haue flreng taned this our
Common wealch, ga inff forraigne formes;
Then any home bred marriage.
$H z z 7$. Let England be true wifhin it folfe,
We need not Fraunce nor ainy alliance with the:n.
Cla. For this one fpeache the Lord Hyftings well deferues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungeif ord.
Ed. Andwhat then?It was our will it hould be to?
Cha. I, and for fuch a thing too, the Lord Scales
Did well deferue at your handes, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to goe feeke elfe where:but in
Your madnes, you buric brotherhood.
Ed. Alaffe poore Clirence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content?
Why man be of good cheerc, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker fo ill for your felfe,
That you fhall piue me leaue to make my
Choyle as Ithinke good: and to that intent,
1 fhorly meane to leaue you.
Ed. Leaue me or tarric, $I$ am fuil refolu'd, F 2

## The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Edvard will not be tied to his brothers wills.
Quee My Lords, dome bue right, anid you mutt confcife,
Betors it plealde his highneffe to aduance
My ftate to citle of a Qieene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
$E d x$. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they mult obay, nay fall obay,
And it they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the meffenger returnde from
(Fraunce
Enter a Meffenger.
Ediv. Now firra, What letters, or what newes?
Mef. No letters my Lord;and fuch neewes, as without your Highneffe fpeciall pardon, I dare not relate.

Edvv. We pardon thee:and as necre as thou canft,tell me
What faid Lewisto our letters?
e Mef. At my departure thefe were his verie wordes.
Go tell falle Edward, thy fuppoled King,
That Levis of Fraunce is fending ouer Maskers,
To rcuellit with him and his new bride.
Ed. IsLexis fo branc?belike he chinkes me Henry.
But what faide Lady Bonato thele wrongs? (Mhorly,
Mif. C ell him(quoth he) in hope hee'l proue a widdower
Ile weare the willow garland for his take,
Ec. She had the wiong indeed; fhe could fay litle leffe:
Bur what faid $H$ :nries Quene ? for as I heare fhe was then in place.

ATf:Tell him(quoth the)my mourning weedes be done:
And!am readieco put armour on.
Ed. Then ielike fhe meanes to plaie the Amazon.
Dut ulas faid Wai wicke ro thefe iniuries?
$M / \int$ He more incenfed then the reft my Lord,
Tell him(quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
At:d theretore lle vncrowne him er't be long.
$E \cdot \mathrm{E}_{2}$, Durit the traitour breath our fuch proud words? But 1 will arme me to preuent the worlf. Wur $\because$ har, is Warwicke friends with eMargaret?

Mcf. I iny good Lord, hey are fo lonkt in friendihippe,


## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

That young Prince $\varepsilon$ dvvard inarries V Varvvickes daugliter:
Cla. The cider?'belike Clarence fha! hauc the younger?
All you that loue ue, and $V$ Varwicke, follow me. $\varepsilon_{\text {dit }}$ Clarence, and Sommerfet.
Ed Clar ence, and Sommerfet, fled to Warwick:.
What faic you brother Ruchara, will you ftand to vs?
Glo. J, iny Lord, in defpight of all that fhal widh fand you:
For why hath nature made me halt down right,
But that 1 hoould be valient and fiand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away.
Ed. Pénbrocke, go raife an armic prefently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in thefield this nighr,
I meane to reft : and on the morrow morne,
lle march to meet proud $W$ anvicke, ere he land
Thofe ftra:ling troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ete I goc e Montague and $H$ Lis7ings,
You of all the rell are necrelt alied
In bloud rowarnok ;herforetell me, if
You fauour him more dien me, cr not?
Speake trulie: for 1 had racher haue you open enemics,
Then hollow friendes.
Mon.So Go:i helpe Montague, as he prones true.
Haff. And Hajmgs,as he tauours Edwards caule.
Ed. It fhall suffice:come then, lets march a way.
Exemit Omas.
Enter Warwicke, and Ox!nford, with, Souldicys.
War. Truft nue my Lords, all hicherto goes well,
The common people by numbers fwarme to vs.
But fee where Sommer/et and Clarcnce comes.
Speake fuddenly my Lords, are we all triends.
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
VVar. Then gente Clarence welconse vnto Warwicke.
And welcome Somnery'er. I hold it cowardile,
To reft miffruftull, where a noblc heart:
Hach paund an open hand, in figne of loue.
Elfe might I dhinke dat Clarence, $\varepsilon$ dixar h's brother,
Were but a faigned friend to our proçeediays:

## The Tragedic of Richard.D. of

But welcome fweete Clarence, my daughter fhalbe thine
And now what reftes but in inightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelefly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a fimple guarde,
We may furprife and take him at our pleafure:
Our Skoures haue found the aduenture verie eafiet
Then cry King Henrie, with refolued miudes,
And breake we prefently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in filent fort,
For UVmwicke and his friends, God and Saint George.
War. This is his Tent, and fee where his guard doch ftand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward fhall be ours. eAll. A VYarwicke, $\mathrm{a}^{2}$ Warbicke.
e Alarmes, and Glefter and Haftings fies.
Oxf. Who goes there?
War. Richard and Haftinges, let them go: here is the Duke.
Ediw. The Duke, why Warwicke, when we parted laft, thou caldf me King?
VVar. I, but the cafe is altred now.
When you difgraft me in ny Embaffage,

- Then I difgraft you from being King,

And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke. Alaffe how fhould yougouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vfe Embaffadours,
Nor how to vfe your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to fhrowd your felfe from enemies.
Eqív. WellWarwacke, let Fortune doe her worft,
Edward in minde will beare himfelfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be Edward Englauds king,
Bu: Henxie now fhall weare the Englifh Crowne.
Goc conuey him to our brother Archby hop of Yorke,
And when I haue foughe with Penbrooke, and his followers,
Ils come and tell thee what the Lady Bona fayes:
Andfo for a while, farewell good Duke of Yorke. Exennt Jome with $\varepsilon d$ ward.

> Torke, and Henrie the fixt.

Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well, But we mult difpatch fome letters to Frusunce, To cell the Queene of our happy fortune, And bid her come with fpeede to ioyne with vs. ,

UVar. I, thats the firft thing that we haue to doc, And free king Hearie from imprifonment, And fee bim feated in his regall throne. Come, let vs hafte away, and having palt thefe cares, Ile polt to Yorke, and fee how Edward fares. Exicunt omsses.

Enter Glofter, Haftings,and fir William Stanly. Glo. Lord Hastings,and fir U Uilliam Stanly,
Know, that the caule I fent for you is this. I looke my brother with a flender traine, Should cone a hunting in this Forrelt heere; The Bifhop of Yorke befrendes him much, Andlecs him vie his pleafure in the chafe: Now 1 haue priuily lent him word, How I am come with you to refcue him. And fee where the Huatfman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Hunt/man. Huntf. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.<br>Ed. No this way Huntrman, fee where the Keepers fand.<br>Now brother and the reft,<br>What, are you prouided to depart? Glo. I, I, the horfe ftandes at the Parke corner,<br>Come to Linne, and fo take flaipping into Flaunders.<br>Ed. Come then : Haflings and Stanlic,<br>I will requite your loues. Bythop farewell,<br>Sheeld thee from UVarwic fees frownes:<br>And pray that I may repoffeffe the Crowne.<br>Now Huntrman whiat will you doc?<br>Huntf. Marrie my Lood, I thinke I had as good<br>Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.<br>Ed. Come then, lets away with fpeede.

## The Tragedie of Ricbard D. of

Exter the Queene and the Lord Rivers. Riners. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace fo pafsionate of late?
Qucene. Why brother Riuors, heare you nor the newes
Of that fucceffe king Edward had oflate?
Rius. What? loffe of fome pitcht battaile again(t Warwicker
Tulh, feare not faire Queene, but calt thofe cares afide,
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth difplay:
And $V$ Varmicke may lofe, hough then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare)befall.
$\mathcal{R}_{i} u$. What? is he taken prifoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perfon then?
Qusen. I, ther's my griefe; King Edward is furprifde,
And led away, as prifon vnto Yorke.
Rut. The newes is pesfing ftrange, I muft confeffe:
Yet comfort your lelfe, for $E d w a r d$ hath more friends,
Then Lancafter at chis time muft perceiue;
That fome will fet him in his throne againe.
Quen. God graunt they may:but gentle brother come;
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhule,
Vntill I come vatothe fanctuarie,
There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,
King Edmards feed, true heire to Englands crowne, Exit.

## Enter Edisard and Richard, and Haftinges. With a troope of Hollanders:

Ed. Thus farre from Belgia haue we paft the feas, And marcht from Rounfur haven vato Torke:
But foft, the Gates are fhut; Ilike not this.
Rich. Sound vp the Drumune, and call thom to the walles.
Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke upori sbowalles.
Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the caufe we ftand vpon our garde,
And fout the Gates, for to preferue the Towne: Herrie now is King, and we are fworne to him.

## York, and Henrie the fist.

Ed. Why my Lord Major, if Here be your King,
Edward I am fire at leaf, is Duke of Yorker
Major. Truest my Lord, we know you for noleffe.
$\mathcal{E} d$. I crave nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Helle quickly make the body follow after.
Hall. Why my Lord Major, what find you upon points?
Open the Gates, we are king Henries friends.
Major. Say you fo, then lie open them prefently. Exit $\mathrm{Ma}_{\text {air. }}$
Rec. By my faith a wife flout Captains, \& fine perfwaded.
The Major opens the dore; and bringer the Keyed in his band.
Ed. So my Lord Major, thee Gates muff nor be hut, But in the time of Wire : Give me the eyes.
What,feare not man; for $\mathcal{E}$ ward will defend the towne and you, defpight of all your foes.

## Enter for John eMountrommery with <br> Drumme and Souldirrs.

How now Richard, Who is chis?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir John CMountgommery;
A truftie friend, vnleffe I be deceiude.
$\varepsilon d$. Welcome Sir Ion, Wherefore come you in armes?
Sir Loon. To helle king Edward in this time of formes,
As every loyall fubiect ought to doe.
Ed. Thanks braue Mountgommory,
But I onely clime my Dukedome,
Until it please God to fend thee reft.
Sir John. Then fare you well. Drum frize vp and let vs
March away : I came to ferne a King and not Duke.
Ed. Nay fay Sir Ion, and let vs firft debate,
With what fecuritie we may doe this thing.
Sir John. What fad you on debating:to be brief, Except you prefently proclaime your felfe our King, Ill hence againe, \& keepe them back that come tofuccour you: why should we fight, when you pretence no title?

## The T ragedic of Richard D.of

Rich. Fie brother.fie, Itande you vpon tearmes?
Relolic your felfe, and let va claime the Crowne.
En I ain refolude once more to claine the Crowne,
A ad winit too, or elie to lofe my life.
Ser lohon. Lnow my Soueraigne ipeakes like himfelfe,
And now will l be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward Thatbe proclaymde.
Cobare the fourth by the grace of God, King of Engiand ard
Frunse, and Lord of Ireland;
And whutocuer gainlaycs king Eawards righe,
Dje this I challenge him to fingle fight:
Long hue Emarit the fourth.
. chil I onglat Efarat the fourth.
i. .. We abaike you all. Lord Maior,lead on the way,

For thits night weele harbourc hecr in Terke, Andincu as carlie as the morning funne,
Litees yp has beames aboue this Horifon,
Wecle inarch to London, to meete with Warluicke, Aud pullialie Hearze from the Regall throne.

> Einctr Wriwitke and Clarence, with, the Crowne, and ithon king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerfer, and she jormg Earle of Ruchmond.

King. Thus from the Prifon to this princely feaie, By Gods great mercies am I brought againe: Clareace and Warmacke do you keepe the Crowne, Andi gouerne and protect iny Realme in peace, And with gend the Remmant of iny dayes, To finnes rebeke, and myy creators prayfe.

Witi. What anfweres Clacence to his Soueraignes wills Cla. Clacence agrees to what king Henie likes. Ktrg. My Lord of Somsmerfet, what prettic Boy is that,
You ieemetobe focarefull of?
$S \mathrm{~m}$. And ir pleale your Grace, it is young Henrie,
Earle of Richmond.
Kivig. Hanrie of Richmond, Come bither prettie Ladde,
Ifheauculy powers dos aime aright
-

## rorke, and Henrie the fixt.

To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettic boy, Shalt proue this Couutries bliffe, Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne, Thy lookes are all repleat with Maieftie: Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he, Shal helpe you more, then you are hurs by me.

## Enter one with a letter to $V$ Varwicke.

War. What counfell Lords? Edwardfrom Belgin,
With haltie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is palt in fafetie through the narrow feas,
And with his troopes do martch amaine towards London,
And many giddic people follow him.
O.xf. Tis beft to looke to this betimes,

For if this fire doc kinole any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
$V$ Var. In Warwicke hire I haue true harted fiendes.
Not mutinous in peace, y ct bold in warre,
Them will I multer vp, and thou fonne Ciarcare fanats
In Efiex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kcne,
Stirre up the Knights and Gentlemen to come with thes,
And thou brother Montague, in Leifter fhire,
Buckinglam and Northampton fhire fhale finde, Men well inclinde to doo what thou commaunds, And thou braue Oxford wondrous well bclon'd, Shale in thy countries multer vp thy fricnds.
My foueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall reft in London till we come to him.
Faire Lordes, rake leauc and itand not to replics
Farewell iny Soucraigne.
King. Fare well my Heder, my Troyes truc hope.
VVar. Farewell incete I.ordes, lets mete at Counntic.
All. Agreed.
L.wemat Onares.

Enter E'Mara ond bistrine
Ed. Seale en the lhancial Home,
And once againc conuay hin to the Towe,

## The I ragedie of Richard D.of

A way with him, 1 will not heare him Ipeake. And now towards Couentric lets bend our courfe, To meet with Warvoucke,and his confederates.

Excum Omics.

Enter VVarvvicke on the VValles.
$V V$ ar. Where is the poit that came from valient $O x f o r d$ ?
How tar hence is thy Lord, my honelt fellowe? Ox. Poft. By dhis at Daintrie, marching hitherward.
War. Whare is our brother Montagues?
Where is che polt that came from $2 M$ ontague?
Pof. I left him at Donfmore, with his troopes.
VVar.Say Sommer field,where is my loueing fonne?
And by thy geffe, how farre is Clarence hence?
Sorm. At Soutbam my Lord, 1 left him with his forse,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, 1 heare his drum.

## $\varepsilon_{n t e r}$ Edward,and bis potwer.

glo . See Brocher whure the furly Warvicke mans the wall.
War. Oh vibid fpight:is fpottull Edward cone?
Where llepiour fcuutes? or how are chey feduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
$\varepsilon d$ iNo: Warwicke, will theu beforie for thy faulies,
And call EdwardKings and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay tather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confetre who fec thee $\mathrm{vp}_{\mathrm{g}}$ and puld thee downe:
Call UU mivicke patron, and be penitent, And thou hal! itill remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Gla. I had thoughe at leaft he would haue faid she King,
Or didtermake the ieal agame his will?
W'ar. Twas YVarkidke, gauc the kingdome to thy brother.
Ed. Why then tis mine if but by UVannickes guifto
UTjar. I bus thou art no eAtlas for fo grear a waighe,
And weakling VVarivcke cakes his guift againe,
Heraie is my king: VVarwicke his fubieq.
Ea'l prehee gallant UTYavouieke tell me this, What is che bodie, when the nead is off

## rorke, and Herrie the foxt.

Glo.Alas that IVarvvicke had no more forefight,
But while he fought to fleale the fingle ten, The king was finely fingred from the decke: You left poore Herrre in the Bihops pallace, And ten to one youle meer him in the Tower.
$E d$. Tis cuen fo, and yet you are ould $V$ Uarwicke fill,
War.Ocheerfull collours:fee where Oxfordcomes?

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Enter Oxford vvith drum and fouldiers,and all } \\
& \text { crie Oxford, Oxford,for Lancafter. } E_{x e u n t .}
\end{aligned}
$$

Ed. The gates are open,fee, they enter in, Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the Areetes.

Glo. No, fo fome other might fet vpon our backes, Weell ftay till all be entred, and then follow them.

> Enter Sondmerfet urith druins and fouldiers.
> Som.Sommerjet, Sumns:rfet,for Lancafter. .. Exeunt.
> Glo.T wo of thy name both Dukes of Sommerfet, Haue fould their liues vnio the houfe of Yorke, Aad thou fhalt be the chird, and my fword hold.

> Enter Montague, with drum and fouldiers, Son, Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.
> Ed. Traicerous Montague, thou and thy brother, Shall deerlie abie this rebellious ącte.

Enter Clarencespith drum and jouldiers,
VVar. And loe where George of Clarenct, fweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother bateaile.
Cla.Clarence, Clarence, for Lancoffer. Exeunt.
$\varepsilon_{t}$ tu Brute, wilt thou fiab Cajar too?
A parlie firrah to George of Clarence.
Sound a Parlie,and RRichavà and Clarcnce whifpers sogether; and then Clifeince sakes bis red Rofe out of his Hiat and throves it at Warrobicte.
Wai. Come Clarence, comt, thotu wilcif $V V$ urly ickee call,"
Cla. Father of Wiawicke,
I throw mine infamis atthee;
$\therefore \mathbf{G}_{3}$.

## The Tragedie of Richard D. of

I willnot ruinate my fachers houfe,
Who gave his bloud to lime the fones togecher:
And fet vp Lancalter. Thinkelt thou
That Clarcnec is fo harfh vnnaturall,
Tolife his fevord againtt his brothers life?
And ie proud hearred Wanwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothe:s turue my blufhing cheekes:
Pardonme $\varepsilon$ ctiv, rd, tor I haue done amiffe,
And Richard, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence ford I will proue no more vnconftane.
Ed Welcome Clitrence, and ten times more welcome;
Then if thou neuer hadit deferued our hate. Glo. Welcome good Clurence, this is brotherly. Wir. Oh palsing traitour, periurde, and vniuft.

> Ed. Now Warricke, wilt thou leaue the Towne \& fight?
O. fhall we b:ate the ltones abour thine eares?

Whi. Why, I an not coopt vp heere for defence,
I whi away to Barne: prelently,
Andibid chec bataile Ednard, if thou dareft.
E.d.Yes Whanvicke, he dares, and leades the way,

Lords the field, faine George and victorie.

Exelunt Omaces:

Al.sr:wes, aid then enter Warnicke, romnded.
Watr. Ah whois nie? Come to me friend, or foe, And tell me who is viftor, Torke, or VVarwicke? Why aske I hat? my mangled bodie fhewes, Tha: 1 me:f yeeid my bodie to the earth, And by ay fall the conqueft to my foes: This yeeldes tie Cedar to the axes edge, Winfermes gave thelter to the princely Fagle, This whole fhate the ramping Lion llept, Fione top 'craunch ouerpeer'd lowes foreadirg tres: The winckles in my browes, now fild with bloud, Wete desned oft to Kingly fepulchers, For who liu'd Kingtut I could dig his graue? And who duftimile, when Wraricke bent his brow?

## Yorke, and Hewrie the foxt.

Loe now my glorie fmeerd in duft and bloud,
My parkes,my walkes,my mannours that I had, Euen now forlake me, and of all my lands Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

> Enter Oxford, and Sommer fet.

Ox. Ah Wanwicke, $V$ Varwicke, checre vp thy felfe and liue, For yet thereshope enough to win the day, Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from Frainnce, And at South-bampton landed all her traine, And inighteft thou liue, then would we neuerflie. VUar. Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now, But Hercules himfelfe muft yeeld to ods, For many woundes recciu'd and many moe repaide, Hach robd ny ftrong knie finewes of their ftrength, And fpitc of fites needes muft I yeeld to death.

Sim. Thy brother Montague hath breathd his lalt, And at the pangs of death l heard him crie, And faie, commend me to my valient brother, And more he would haue faide, and more he faide; Which founded like a clamour in a vaule, That could not bedilinguifh: for the founde, And fo the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghoft.

VUar. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earh and duft?
And liue we how we can, yet die we mult.
Swect reft his foulc, flie Lords, and faue your felucs, For UVarrircke bids you all farewell, to mees in Heauen. He diese
Oxf. Come noble Summerfet, lets take our Horie, And caufe recraite be founded through the Campe, That all our fricindes that yet remaine alitue, May be a warn'd, and faue them felues by flight. That done, with thein wesle polt vnto the Queene, And once more tric our fortune in the fielde. : Exambe.

## Enter Edward,Clarence,and Gloftr, with fouldirrs.

$\varepsilon d$. Thus fill our fortune giues vs vietorieg.
And girts our temples With trimphantioyes.

## The Tragedic of Richard D. D.

The bigboond Warwicke hath breathde his lam
And heauen this day hath fmilde vpon vsillit
But in this cleere and 'brightfome days
Ifee a blacke furpitious cloude appeare, at
That will encounter with our glorious funne
Before he gaine his eafefull welterne beames,
I meane thofe powers which the Queene hath got in Frawict,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Smmmerfet are fled to her,
And tis likelie if he haue time to breach,
Her faction will be full as flrong as ours.
$\varepsilon d$. We are aduertifde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde cheir courfe to wardes Tewxburies:
Thither will we,for willingneffe rids way,
And in euerie councie as we paffe along;
Our frengthes hall be augmented. Come, lets goes
For if we flacke this faire bright Summers daie, Sharpe Winters howers will marre our hope for haie.

Excunt omma.

## Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, or Swnmerfer, with Drumme of Sonldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my loning friends of Frances
And welcome Som werfer and Oxford too.
Once more haue we fpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoft confumde, And VVarovicke as our maine-Matt ouerthrowne, Yet warlike Lordes,raife you that furdie poft, That beares the failes to bring vs vnto reit.
And Ned and I as willing Pilots Should
Foronce with carefull mindes guide onthe fterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath fwallowed vp our frieades:
Trince. And if there be,as God forbid there bould,
A monglt vs a timerous or fearefulliman,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne, Leaft he in time of need intife another, And fo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vso

## Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

I will not ftand aloofe and bid you fight, But with my fword preffe in the thickeft throngs, And fingle $\varepsilon$ dward from his ftrongeft guarde: And band to hand, enforce him for to ycelde, Or leaue my bodic as witneffe of my thoughtes.

Ox.Women and Children of fohigh relolue?
And warriours faint, why twere perpetuall fhame:
Oh brauc young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth liuc agane in thee: long mayett thou line,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glorics.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when fuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day,
Be hift and wondred at, if he arife.
Enter a Meffenger.
Mef. My Lords, Duke Eaward witı a mightic po:ver. Is marching hitherwards to fighe with you:

Ox. I thought it was his pollicie rotake vs vnprouided, but heere will we ftand, and fight it to the death.

Enter King Edivard,Cli.Glo. Hast. and fouldiers.
$\dot{E} d$. Sce brochers, yonder flands the thornie woed, Which by gods alithance and your proweffe, Shall with our swordes cre night, be cieane cut downe.

Ouce. Loris, Knightes, aud Gentlemen, what I hould fay, My tcares gainlay: for as you fec, I drinke
The water of mine cirs. Then no more but this, Henric your king is prifoner in the Tower, His land and all our friends are quite diftreft, And yonder flands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Thenon Goris name, Lords rogether cric, Saint Gcorge. All. Saine Geurge for Lircuffer.

Alurmes to the Batssile, roriefics, then the Chambers be tiferar.
ged. Therenter the King, Cla. Gloand the eelt and mike a
 the $Q$ eene is then, the Truce, Oayd i.....


## The Tragedic of Richard D.of

$\varepsilon d$.Lo heere a period of tumultaous broiles; A way wish Oxfurd,to Hames Cafte itraight, For Summerfet,off with his guiltic head: Away, I will not heare them lipeake.
Ox. For my pari lie not trouble thee with wordes? Exit Ox; ${ }^{\text {ord }}$.
Som.Nor I, but ftoope with patienceto my death. Exit Sommerfet
Ed Now Eavard, what fatisfaCion canf thou make, For ftirring vy my tubicets to rebellion?
Prince.Speike like a fubict. proud ambitious Yorke, Suppole that I am now my tathers mouth, Refigne thy chaire: and where I Iand,kneele thou,
Winlet i propole the selie fame woords to thee, Which tra3uour thou wouldf haue me anfware to.
Quee. Oh that thy father had bin fo relolu'd.
Glio. That you might flill haue kept your petticoate,
And ncre have Itolne the breech from Lancafter.
Tvince. Let $\mathcal{E}$ fop fable in a winters night, His currifh Ruidices fortes uut with this place. Glu. By heauen, bras Ile plague you for that word.
Quec. I, thou wan borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods fake take away this captiue fcold.
Prance.Nay take a way this foldng Crookt backe rather.
Ed.Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cia. Vneutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
Prince. 1 know my dutic, $y$ ou are all vndutifull,
Lalciuious $\mathcal{E}$ dward, and thou periur'd George,
And thcu muhapen Dick, I tell you all,
1 am your better, rraitours as you be.
Ed. Take that, he lighenes of this rayler hecre.
Que. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marric and fhall.
(die.
$\mathcal{E}_{d}$ Hold Rethard, hold, for we haue done to much alrea Cio. Why fhould the liue to fill the worlde with words. $E d$. Nhat doth fhe fiwoundimake meanes for her recoucGlo. Carence,excufe me to the King my brother (rie.
I mult to London, on a ferious matter,

## Torke, and Fenrie the fixt.

Ere you come there, you fhall heare more newes. Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Towerman, the Tower, lle roote them out. Exit Gloftex.
Queene, Ah Nod, fpeake to thy Mother boy, Ah thou cant not fpeake, Traitours, Tyrants, blouddic Homicides: They that itabd Ca'ar thed no bloud at all, For he was a man, this in refpect a childe; And men nere fpend their furie on a childe; Whats worfe then tirant, that I may name? You haute no children Deuells, if you had, The thought of them, would then haue ftopt your rage: Butifyou eucr hope to have a tonne, Looke in his youth to have him fo cut offg. As traitours you haue done this fwect young Prince.

Ed. Away, and beare her hence,
Que. Nay, nere beare me heace, difpatch me here, Hecre theath thy fword, lle pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?
Then Clarence, do thou do it,
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee fo much eafe.
Quee. Good Clarence do, fweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla.Didft not thou heare me fweare I would not do it?
Quee.I, but thou vieft ro forlweare thy felfe,

## Twas finne before, but now tis charitie.

Wheres the Diuells butcher?hard fauourd Rechard,
Rechard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners forbloud, he nere put backe.
Ed.Away I faie, and take her hence per force.
Quce. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
Esit.
Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?
Cla.Martic my Lord to London, as I geffe,
To makea bloudie fu pper in the Tower.
$\varepsilon d$. He is fuddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well,difcharge the common Souldiers with pay,

## The I ragedie of Richard:D.of

And thankes,and now let vs towardes London, T'o ice our geatle Qucene how he poth fare, For by this( l hope) ine hath a Sonne for vs.

Excunt Omnes.
Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tuber.
Gi. Good day my Lord. Whar at your Booke fohard? 1 cin. 1 my gnod Lord. Lord I Chould fay, rather; Tis finne to Hatter, good was little better, Good Gio.!er, and good Diuell, were all alike. What tceuc of Death hach Rofinis now to aet? Glo. Sulpition alwayes hauntcs a guiltie minde. isca. The birde once lunde, doth feare the fatall buth, Andl the haplefle maile to one poore birde, Haue how the fatall obicet in mine eye, Where ay poore young was limde, was eaught and kilde:
giv. Wiay whit a toole was that of Crette?
That caught his fonne the clfice of a Lirde, Andycetor all that, the poore Fowie was drowne.
Her. I Dedalus, my poore fenac Icirus,
Tioj father Minoos, that denisic our courfe,
Thy brother Eailyard, the Sume that learde his winges,
An:! thou the enuious Gulfe that frallowed him.
Oh 'setter can my breft abile thy dagoers poynt, Thea cat nrine eares that tragike hetoric.
cilo. Why, dot diou thinke I am an cxecutioner?
Lica. A perfecurer I am fure thou art:
Andifinurdenisig Innocentes be execuions,
Then i know thou art an exccutioner.
Gis. Thy tonse Ikike for his prefumption.
Hen. Hadft thou bin kilde when firft theu didf prefume;
Thou haditiot liude to $k$ lla a onne of mine:
Anditus I prophefic of thee;
That many'a Widdow for her Husbands death,
imbanay an lofants water ftanding eje,
Widiouvester their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shat an ethe tinc that euer thou wert borne.
Trowehrikeat ty birth; an cuill figne,
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## Yorke, and Henric the fix:.

The nighi-Crow cricie, ${ }^{\text {b }}$ boding luckeelie tune.
Dogges hoalde, and hidious tempeftes thooke downe tress,
The Ramen rookt her on the Chmaies top,
And ciarrering Pies in ditimall dilcord lung,
Thy mother tele more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought foorch lelle then a mothers hope:
Towit, an vadige!t created lunipe,
Nuilike the fruite of fuch a goeuly cree;
Teethadedt thou in thy head whea thou walt bome,
To hogific thou cainit to bite the worlde:
And it the reft be crue that l hauc heard,
Thou camlt into the world Iic ftabs bim:
cil. Die Prophet in thy feach, lle heare no more,
For this, amongtt che seft, was 1 ordainde.
Hen. I and tor much more flughter after this.
O God forgite my finnes, atad pardon thee. He cites. Glo. What? will the alpyrng blood of Lancafter
Suke in:o the ground? had thought it would haue mounca
Sce how my fword weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may fuch purple teares be alwayes fhed,
For fuch as feeke the downefall of our houfc.
lfany \{ur:ke of life remaine in the Stabbe ham agaim.
Downe, downe to hell, and fiy I fent thee thither.
It that haue neither pittie, lout, nor fearc:
Indeed twas true that Henrie tolde me ó,
For I hauc often heardmy mother iay,
That I came into the worlde with my legges forward:
And had I not reaton thinke you to make halte,
And feeke their ruines that vlurpt our righes?
The women wept, and the Miduife crite,
O Iefus bleffe vs, he is borne with teesti.
And fo I was indeed: which plancly fremifile,
That 1 hould fuarle and bite, and play the cogge.
Then fance Heauen hath made my bociy b,
Le Hell make crookt thy hinde, ro antwere it.
lhadno fatiacr; lam tike no father.
lhaue no brother; ianlike nobothers.


## Torke, ond Henrie the fixt.

That thou mightf repoffeffe the crowne in peace, And of our labours thou thale reape the gaine. Glo. lle blaft his harueft and your head were layde, For yet 1 am not looks on in the worlde.
This Shoulder was ordainde fo thicke, to heaue, Aod heaue it fhall fome waight, or breake my backe: Worke thou the way, and thou halt execute.
Edw. Clarence, and Gl,ster, loue my louely Queene, And kille your Princely Nephew, brothers boch.
Cla. The duetie that I owe vnto your Maieftie,
I feale vpon the rofiate lippes of this fweete Babe.
$Q$ ueen. Thankes noble Claience, worthy brothci thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou fprangit,
Witneffe the louing kiffe I giue the childe.
To fay the trueth, lo Iudas kilt his Mailler:
And to he cride, All halle; and meant all harme.
Edivard. Now am I feated as my foule delighres,
Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace have done with CMargarat?
Ranard her tather to the king of Framice,
Hath paund the Cysels and Icrufilem,
And hither haue they fent st for herranfome.
Ediw. Away with her, and waft her hence to Fraunce.
And now what reltes, but that we fend the time,
With flarely triumphes, and mirthfull comicke fhewes,
Such as befies the pleafures of the Court,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets:larewell so fower annoyo
For here I hope, begins our lafting ioy.
Excuat omnes.
FINIS.
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PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET



